

ONE OF OUR MONSTER BATTLESHIPS--THE IOWA--IN ACTION

The battleship in action is not an untried factor in modern warfare. We know something of its disastrous power in the hands of Chinese, even though hampered by tampered ammunition and other consequences of official peccation. But just what to expect of a strictly modern battleship in the hands of either Europeans or efficient Americans is too momentous to predict.

A modern battleship is the most typical aggregation of all the fruits of present cunning, and the man that can utilize successfully all the powers placed there at his command will be able to deal such blows as only the most vivid imagination can begin to compass. Aided as we are by nature's working in the evidence of a thunderstorm, still the worst fury of lightning is modest beside the individual force of some of the guns carried by a modern battleship.

As the most formidable example of our commissioned battleships, consider how we have prepared the Iowa to give and take and try to follow in part what might reasonably be expected of her in action.

Clothed in her peace-time dress of white

appearances and healthfulness, and such as is present, from the seaman's dirty box to the admiral's easy chair, is fire-proofed by a process of tried efficiency.

The fewest possible passages are cut through the protective deck, and, with the exception of the air passages to the engine rooms and fire rooms and the uptakes for the smokestacks, are covered by heavy armored gratings, to keep out shell. The rest of the openings are closed with solid coverings as heavy as the neighboring deck.

HER FORMIDABLE GUNS

The main battery consists of four 12-inch and eight 8-inch rifles of great power. A secondary force of six 4-inch and twenty 3-pounder rapid fire guns will guard against the approach of torpedo craft and sweep destructively the exposed positions and lightly armored parts of an enemy's deck.

The 12-inch guns are mounted in two massive turrets of 15-inch Harveyized armor, the defensive equivalent of quite twenty inches of normal nickel steel. These turrets revolve within barbettes or great columns of like material and thickness ris-

moved beyond the sweep of the guns. All workings are soaked with water and either placed safely to guard the ammunition supply from splinters and sparks or flatted about such of the boats as are not swathed with water or set adrift. Overboard go the turpentine and other inflammable stores, and all chests, furniture and other movable woodwork calculated to shed splinters and cause injury are sent below or stowed where they may do no damage. Down below the protective deck are sent the compasses, chronometers and other delicate instruments of navigation, and the public funds are placed in such shape that they may be either easily removed or destroyed, as the case may be. All necessary steam supply cut off above the protective deck to prevent scalding in case of accident, and hose are coupled to fire mains and the pumps are set pulsing for instant use.

Into the tubes the torpedoes are put with their war-heads on, and by the magazines the men stand ready to pass up the ammunition. Down in the sick bay or upon the broad expanse of the wardroom table

reeks with the hot smell of oil and escaping steam. At the throats stand the engineers and at every journal and crank a watchful assistant. Shining piston-rods, long steel arms and jiggering levers fly back and forth, in and out, with dazzling speed. The journals and bearings foam like the bits of champing war horses. The air pumps pant and wheeze. The floor swims with oil and water spattered from the moving parts and but for the thundering life of the ponderous engines one might almost think the attendants ghosts as their long shadows glide through that steaming mist backed by the ghastly glow of the electric lights. Such are the conditions in each of the engine rooms.

IN THE FIRE ROOMS

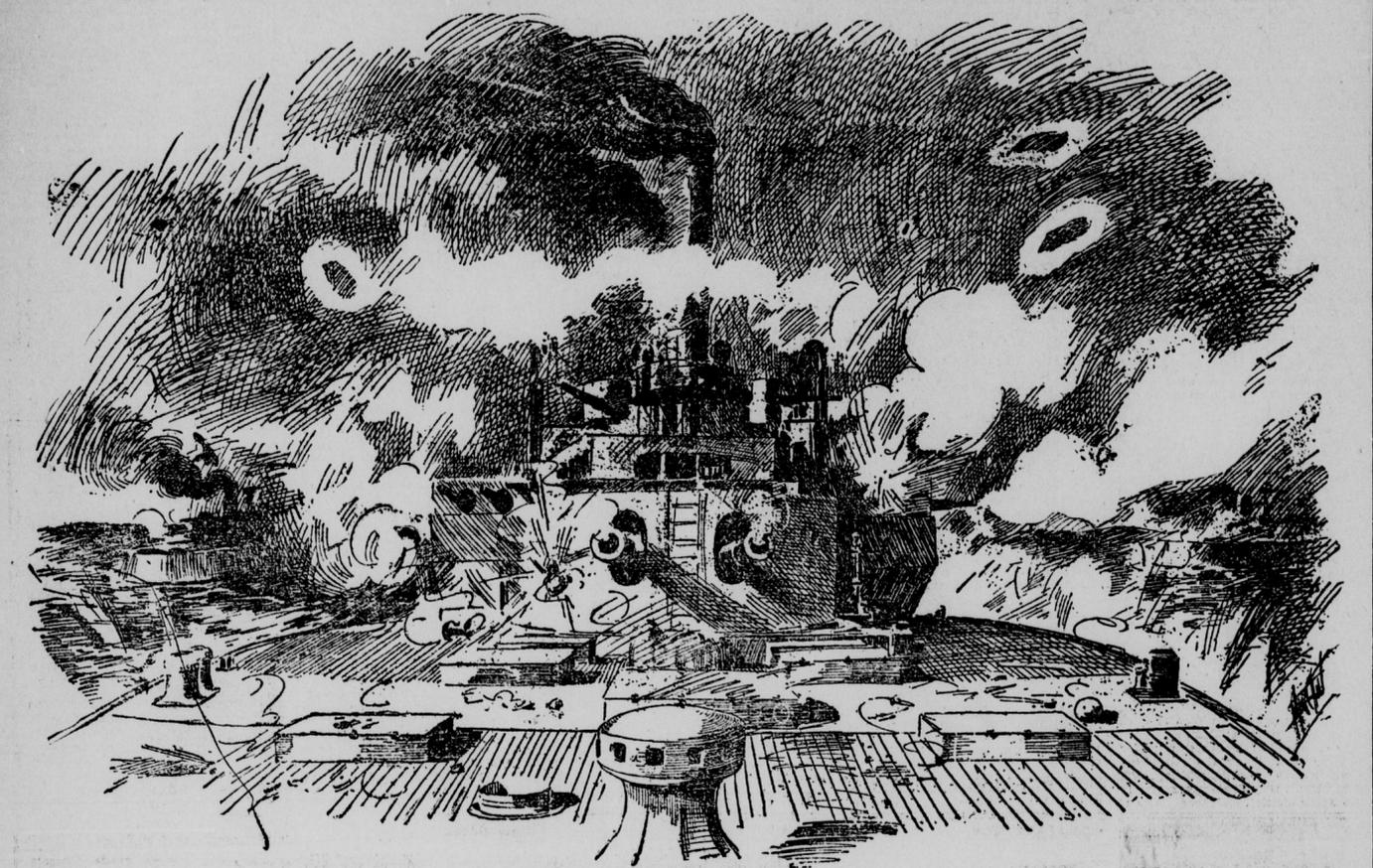
Forward, through a watertight bulkhead, closing the door behind us, we stand in one of the four great fire rooms. Above us tower the cumbersome boilers, and before us glare the glowing grates of the roaring furnaces. In the half-light of the evening the firemen and stokers rush back and forth, bringing coal, tending valves and watching the pressure in the shivering

every noon for twenty-nine days Schwanninger has eaten two roast pigeons in a saloon at Tenth and Sidney streets. Thus far he has consumed every portion of the pigeons and has experienced no ill effects. He is pronounced a wonder by his associates, who firmly believed that there was not a man that could eat even one pigeon every day for a whole month.

"For a money consideration," says Schwanninger, "I am willing to continue the diet for thirty more days. I don't look bad, do I? I never felt better in my life, and I have not yet begun to hate the sight of the birds, as I hear some people do when they are in a match like this. I like them just as much now as I did when I started."

Gold in the Smokestack

There is a chimney 170 feet high running up from the separating department of the assay office in Wall street, New York. It was built in 1854. Its inner lining of firebrick was found last fall to be in bad condition. Four months ago the work of replacing the lining was begun, and a few



IN ACTION--THE AFTER GUNS OF THE IOWA

paint, one scarcely imagines her a massive steel structure of 12,000 tons, so lightly does she seem to rest upon the water; and, clothed in her war-time garb of ghostly gray, she would be even more delusive. But wait until she is seen to lie unmoved upon a white-capped sea that makes her smaller neighbors rock, and then her ponderous might is realized. Think of the force within that must be generated to make her move against wind and tide at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, and then, try, if possible, to picture the blow that would fall upon the craft so unlicked as to lie across her rushing course.

The Iowa is really a navigable fortress, 300 feet long, a trifle over 72 feet wide, and omitting her smokestacks and bridges, is 50 feet tall from her keel up to the top of her superstructure amidships. Laden for sea, half of this body lies below the water line. That she may be comparatively insensitive to moderate injury below water, she has a double, or inner, bottom, reaching from the keel up to a short space below the load line, and the space between these two skins, so to speak, is minutely subdivided into numerous water-tight compartments, to further localize injury.

Her loins for a distance of quite two-thirds of her total length are girded by a broad band of heavy armor, 7 1/2 feet wide, about equally divided above and below the water line. Along the sides, amidships, for 135 feet, this belt is 14 inches thick and proof against all but the heaviest enemy's shell at very close range. The outboard ends of this girdle then turn inboard at a sharp angle, and then terminate on the center line, where they form the main support for the ponderous barbettes that shelter the vital mechanisms of the big 12-inch guns. This formation results in a massive hexagonal bulwark of hardened steel, which presents a well-nigh invulnerable front to shot or shell from any point off the bow, the stern or either of the sides. Upon this six-sided wall is laid the middle portion of the protective deck, 2 1/2 inches thick, which houses over the vitals of the craft. Below this deck, behind many feet of sheltering coal, so wisely is her supply of 180 tons distributed, and beneath the water, lie her engines, her boilers and her 570 tons of ammunition, that await the coming of a foe man worthy of that powder and hardened steel. From the lower edges of this armor belt, inboard the protective deck, slightly thicker, runs forward and aft to the ends and forms at the bow the spine for the ponderous ram, which lies just far enough below the water line to give an enemy where he is weakest.

WITH TORPEDO TUBES

For a distance of 90 feet amidships and to a height of seven feet above the heavy water-line belt, the sides are of armor, five inches thick; and it is from behind the protecting shelter of this steel wall that the two torpedo tubes on each side are worked. The ends of this thinner belt also turn slantingly inboard and astwardships, and terminate likewise against the barbettes for the 12-inch guns. Forward and abaft this lighter armor the sides are reinforced by a broad band of corn pith cellulose, which will swell and automatically plug all shot holes admitting water.

The whole interior of the craft is cut up into something like 190 water-tight compartments, and powerful pumps of great capacity stand ready to hold in check the consequences of accident or leak. Woodwork is grudgingly allowed, ground cork and white painting standing instead for appearance and healthfulness, and such as is present, from the seaman's dirty box to the admiral's easy chair, is fire-proofed by a process of tried efficiency.

ing bodily from the protective deck below. Within this great, fire-hardened steel rest the foundations for the turrets and the mechanisms vital to the management of the turrets and the guns; and up through this sturdy passage are brought the powder and shot from the sheltered folds of the magazines and shell rooms way below.

Each of these guns weighs forty-five tons as it rests upon its carriage; has a total length of 38 feet and a greatest diameter of nearly 4 feet at the breech. The bore is rifled with 48 twisting grooves that bite into the copper band on the base of the projectiles and give them that rapid rotation so essential to accuracy of flight and high power of penetration. With an impulse of 420 pounds of powder the 35-pound shot of hardened steel goes speeding on its mission of destruction with an initial velocity of something over 1400 miles an hour. With the greatest elevation permitted by the turret ports, i. e., 15 degrees, each of these guns has a range of quite 24 miles. Bombarding a city from that distance the shot would reach its destination in a scant twenty-four seconds--three whole seconds in advance of the sound of the discharge that sent it. At the muzzle one of these guns could send an armor piercing shot right through 24 inches of solid steel, and a mile and a half away the same kind of shot would go undeformed through 19 inches of the same kind of material. The destructive impulse latent in that shot as it leaves the gun is equivalent to the force required to raise one foot twice the total weight of the whole ship when heavy laden.

FIRE 250-POUND SHOTS

The 8-inch guns are protected by five and eight inches of hardened metal and fire a 250-pound shot with force enough to pierce twelve inches of steel a mile away. The 4-inch guns can fire eight thirty-three-pound shot in a minute, easily able to bore their way through seven inches of steel 1000 yards away; while the twenty 3-pounders could maintain a murderous hail of explosive shell into open ports and upon the unarmored portions of a foe.

The torpedoes, each with its deadly burden of 150 pounds of that three-foot powerful gun-cotton, could tear their way through the toughest fabrications of steel and make the mightiest battleship bow in submission.

These are some of the powers placed at the captain's command.

IN TIME OF WAR

Take your watch in hand and at the sharp shrill call of the boatswain's whistle all hands are called to clear ship for action, and scarcely has the last note drifted on the breeze before every man is at his post and hard at work, except the prisoners.

You who have known the craft in times of peace and dress parade, watch her now. Down come all the shining railings and polished hatchway canopy frames and over the open ways in the wake of the guns are fastened battle plates of heavy steel. All unnecessary ventilators are stowed below, and their deck holes filled with metal disks. Great anchor cranes are turned down out of the way of shot and shell, and the decks left bare but for the flash plates that take the first blast of the great guns. The anchors are freed from their cables and the chain, if not stowed below, is wrapped for protection about unarmored parts.

PROTECT AMMUNITION SUPPLY

Boat davits are detached and stowed either down along the sides or bodily re-

the surgeons have spread their instruments and a certain number of cots and lifts have been prepared for handling the wounded. The signal books are clothed in their weighted covers and are ready to be cast overboard when ordered.

STRIPPED TO THE WAIST

Look at the ship below. In just one hour and fifty minutes she has been stripped to the waist, so to speak, and all her bulky lines stand out in bare relief, doubly emphasizing the might of her murderous guns now peering straight out with an ominous absence of turrets. At the mast-head, in unspooled beauty, flutter the proud folds of Old Glory.

A few short taps of the drum and all hands hasten to their several stations, most of the men bared to the waist for the sake of that freedom of movement demanded by nervous impatience. The chaplain, who has really endeared himself to the crew by a feeling of manly fellowship, goes about quietly, taking first from one and then another of the men a little packet which is to be sent to the loved ones at home in case anything should happen, or exchanging a few words of kindly, helpful cheer with those that seek his greeting. In a few minutes he will go below to help the doctors and to smooth the chilling brow of some poor shipmate.

WAITING FOR THE ENEMY

With the delivery of the last report of readiness, and with one wide, unrestricted glance at those smoking specks that loomed above the horizon, the captain steps into the conning tower and behind the sheltering folds of its ten-inch steel glances at the tell-tale dials upon its rounded walls and reads the messages that come up to him from every part of that great craft beneath him through the armor'd tube that leads below to the protective deck.

With bared hands and naked feet, the gun's crews cluster about the larger pieces, waiting with beating hearts for the moment that will bring the enemy in range and give to their tingling nerves the self-forgetfulness of activity and din, while the crews of the lighter pieces are mustered hardly behind the nearest protection till closer quarters may call them into service and the open exposure of the tops and superstructure.

About each gun a number of rounds of ammunition have been gathered and quick-footed bearers bring the fixed ammunition from the passages to the stations of the waiting guns.

ALL IS SILENCE

Silence reigns on all sides, save for the quiet commands of the divisional officer; the rush of the water without, the steady rumble of the driving engines and the pulsing sound of the running pumps.

Up on their bridges the men at the range finders keep them bearing on the approaching foe, whom we near at the rate of thirty knots an hour, and in the conning tower, the turrets, and before the principal gun stations, the dials register the distance of the coming ships.

Way below the protection deck the men stand ready at the ammunition holists, the shell whips and the passing rooms. The shellrooms and magazines are manned by nimble, naked-footed crews, and by the torpedo tubes the men stand ready to launch their burdens fraught with such irresistible force.

In the engine rooms the steady roar of the machinery fills the ears and the air

ganges. With averted heads, panting sweat and blistered eyes they guard those seething beds of flames or throw into those glaring throats the coal that must satisfy their greed and keep the boilers pulsing with a mighty pressure. The air, hot, dry and of 100 degrees, is laden with dust and grime as it rushes into the flaming pits backed by the impulse of great blowers and eagerly sucked upward by the draught of those great smokestacks towering a hundred feet above.

TORMENT FAR BELOW

A great cloud of smoke and a thin wreath of escaping steam way up at those funnel's tops tells the story of the torment far below, shut down below the protective deck, ignorant of the life of battle, and almost sure of certain death in case of a blow from either torpedo or ram.

With the first flash and a momentary veil of smoke from the bow guns of the enemy, still quite two miles away, the game is opened, and as the sharp cutting splash flies inboard through the open ports of the 4-inch guns, our own 12-inch rifles belch a more telling response. From that time till the close found us victorious, though badly shattered everywhere but about the two big turrets, the enemy's shot tore great masses of our lighter armor from their fastenings and hurled them inboard, tangled heaps of dismantled guns, bleeding bodies and mazes of twisted plating. Old Glory still waved, but only over a modest part of the men that carried the ship into action--R. G. Skerrett in Chicago Times-Herald.

HIS EXILE AT AN END

Executive Clemency Exercised in a Singular Case

Columbia, S. C.--Governor Ellerbe has pardoned L. T. Corbett, a member of one of the best families in South Carolina and now a citizen of San Francisco, Cal. In the spring of 1888 young Corbett, then a lad of 15, was superintending a store on his father's plantation in Sumter county. It was charged that the boy sold liquor to the negroes, and, having no license, prosecution followed. The boy fled the country, without giving any intimation of his intentions. Immediately afterward he was tried, convicted, and in his absence a 100-day sentence was left by Judge Kershaw, who has since died. It has never been opened.

It now transpires that young Corbett went to Colorado, where he worked hard and met with success. Then he went to California, and prosperity followed him. He then married, and is now a highly respected citizen in his new home and a deacon in the Presbyterian church.

Some time ago he heard of his conviction and then of the falling health of his father and mother. He wished to return to see his parents alive, but the sentence stood in his path. When the people above him heard of the circumstance, they prepared a strong petition. Governor Ellerbe granted a pardon within an hour after the receipt of the petition. The self-banished young man has been telegraphed to hasten across the continent.

Two Pigeons a Day for 29 Days

St. Louis, Mo.--A published opinion that no man could eat a pigeon a day for thirty days led Ludwig Schwanninger of 500 South Compton avenue to bet \$10 with Matthias Roder that he could eat two a day for thirty days. The task was undertaken and

days ago it was completed. From the old fire-brick fifty-two standard ounces of gold and 800 standard ounces of silver, together worth \$1500, were extracted.

The end of the Zola case is not yet reached. Quiet may be enforced by such tactics as the French government has resorted to, but the storm will break out again. France is not yet low enough, we venture to say, to remain forever indifferent to injustice followed by the persecution of all who stood for fair play.--Cleveland Leader.

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Liquidation Sale Specials

In New Goods

Our Great Liquidation Sale opens this week with SPECIAL OFFERINGS of the following and many other lines of STYLISH, UP-TO-DATE MERCHANDISE at prices that make them

Unmistakable Bargains

Table Damask

At 40c per yd 25 pieces of Bleached and Unbleached Table Damask, new patterns, fully 58 inches wide, good value for 55c per yd, on sale at, per yd..... **40c**

At 65c per yd 10 pieces Unbleached Table Damask, pure Irish linen, soft finish and newest designs, nearly 2 yds wide, worth 95c, will be closed out, at, per yd..... **65c**

At 90c per yd 10 pieces of Bleached Damask, satin finish, extra heavy, full 68 inches wide, regular value \$1.15, on sale at per yd..... **90c**

Curtains

At \$2.00 a pr Pearl, White and Cream Lace Curtains 54 inches wide, 3 1-2 yds long, with the latest improved overlook stick, and corded edge. The patterns have beautiful thread lace effect on a point d'Esprit background, good value \$3.00, on sale this week at, a pair..... **\$2.00**

At \$3.00 a pr Cream Irish Point Curtains, full regular size, Tamboured on a fine Brussels net, with a heavy, artistic, applique border, good value for \$3.75, on sale this week at, a pair..... **\$3.00**

Table Covers

All prices Just received a shipment of handsome Berlin Tapestry Covers in all sizes, 4-4 to 12-4, and at all prices. Amongst them are many beautiful Persian and Turkish effects, in the soft, Oriental shades. With these we shall offer our new and complete line of Chenille covers at a considerable reduction on our usual prices.

At 15c each Men's all silk and satin FOUR-IN-HANDS in all the latest colorings, all satin lined and well made, regular value 35c and 50c, on sale at, each..... **15c**

At 50c each Men's laundered GOLF SHIRTS, in new, dainty, figured and striped effects, made of fine quality percale, have one pair of reversible link cuffs, and ties to match; the shirts are the "Standard" brand, value \$1, sizes 14 to 17, on sale at..... **50c**

At 12 1-2c pr Boys' and Girls' School Hose in 1x1 ribs, and bicycle hose, warranted fast black, have double knees and heavy soles, good value for 20c. On sale at, per pair..... **12 1-2c**

At 25c pr Ladies' fine quality imported Maco cotton hose, in plain and fancy drop stitch, black with white soles and white feet, Hermsdorf fast black and tan shades. Our regular 35c quality, on sale at, per pair..... **25c**

At \$1 each LADIES' UNDERSKIRTS in fine quality black satin and washable linen effects, heavily corded and full umbrella style, good value for \$1.50, on sale at, each..... **\$1**

At \$1 each Ladies' New Shirt Waists in a select assortment of new dainty checked, striped and plaid effects, made with full blouse fronts, detachable collars, attached cuffs and fancy shirt waist back, \$1.50 waist on sale at, each..... **\$1**

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Survey has been made, rails and ties are ready, and construction will soon commence on the new San Pedro Street Electric Road. This means increased service and a ten minutes run from Second and Spring Streets to

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It also means an increase of over twenty-five per cent of present values. This is your opportunity of making a good paying investment in a wide awake, up-to-date subdivision. Do not wait until the lots are all sold, but get into the procession of shrewd investors and make money in this tract. Street work all done. Water piped on every street. Broad avenues. Everything first-class. Call on us and we will be pleased to show you the property. Will give you prices that will attract you. For Maps and full particulars, apply to

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